Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale miſtriſſe?
Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye?
Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you ſee Gentlemen? nay guiltineſſe
Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of vſe. *Enter* Emi.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Caſsio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caſsio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caſsio* where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?

Bia. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bia. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you, that thus abuſe me.

Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe ſee poore *Caſsio* dreſt;
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Deſdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoule,
Let me not name it to you you chaſte ſtarres:
It is the cauſe, yet I le not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers then ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumentall alablaſter;
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou

Thou cunningſt patte
I know not where is t
That can thy light relt
I cannot giue it vitall
It muſt needs wither;
A balmy breath, that d
Iuſtice her ſelfe to bre
Be thus when thou art
And loue thee after: o
So ſweet was ne're ſo
But they are cruell tea
It ſtrikes where it do

Def. Who's there

Oth. I, *Deſdemon*

Def. Will you con

Oth. Haue you pr

Def. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethin
Vnreconcil'd as yet to
Solicite for it ſtraite.

Def. Alas my Lord

Oth. Well, doe it, a
I would not kill thy v
No, heauen fore-fend

Def. Talke you of

Oth. I, I doe.

Def. Then heauen

Oth. Amen, with a

Def. If you ſay ſo,

Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I fea
When your eyes roule
Since guiltineſſe I kn

Oth. Thinke on th

Def. They are loue

Oth. And for that

Def. That deathe'
Alas, why knaw you ſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN